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For the National Era. DELIBIUM TREMENS; OR, THE DRUNKARD'S VISION.

The following sketch may give some idea of the horrid visions of a disordered brain, suffering from that attendant on intemperance, delirium fremens:
The wild fantasy is of a nature to be highly

interesting; and whilst the startling picture naturally suggests a wide range of contemplation, its tendency is to warn the unwary, and hold out hope to them who have gone astray. Recollections of the harrowing scenes presented to a disordered mind can be but feebly depicted in language; but sufficiently vivid, to answer a good purpose, may be the attempt at their description.

It matters not to tell who (among the ten of thousands who have joined the ranks of the Sons of Temperance and taken the piedge) has furnished material for the subjoined vision, which appearing here in one connected form of narration, was, of necessity, told only in sub-stance—broken, unconnected, and piecemeal, as memory supplied the strange fragments. Hoping that this short introduction may suf-

fice, and that the reader will supply the easily-magined tale of a course of life which entails so deplorable a condition, I pass over that part of the drunkard's confession which re-lates to his hair-breadth escapes from death, his reformation and final prosperity, and provision, as though using his own language in Myself unseen, methought I sate in full

view of a carouse in the regions of the damned, beyond the fearful waters of the dreaded Styx An overwhelming sense of horror seemed to pervade my frame, and chill the very marrow of my bones, whilst, powerless to move, my pulse suspended with affright, the blood coursed through my veins with lightning speed, like molten lead. A feeling of suffocation, as from pestiferous vapor, stifled my respiration, stupeying me, and rendering me, as it were, sensealthough I retained consciousness.

less, although I retained consciousness.

My vision was obscured, as by a mist; still, paradoxical as it may seem, I could distinctly discern the forms and objects before me-dim, spectral, transparent, and immaterial as they were. My throat was like a living fiery furnace, in agony. My tongue clove to the red hot roof of my mouth, whilst excruciating hirst vainly strove to force out the words-Water! Oh! a single drop of water!
"Fearfully vivid is the impression of the

dreadful pangs of my bodily torment, which, perception of the scene at which I was men-tally present. The racking pain I endured did not interfere with my visual powers, which, on the contrary, were preternaturally magnified and modified to suit the ghastly sight which intense curiosity prompted me to gaze on with the riveted look of spell-bound fascination. "Hideous and discordant sounds—sighs, shricks, and groans, fiendish laughter, demo-

niac yells and maniac mirth, resounded from all quarters; and the language used met the ear as in an unknown tongue, which, by mi-raculous instrumentality, was instantaneously interpreted to the understanding, remaining on the harrowed recollection as though it had originally been uttered in our own good, plain

festive demons, who, if not feasting, were, at all events, drinking furiously, as one might say, most hellishly, though, in good truth, it was but carrying to perfection earthly mid-

"In person, so to speak, these spectres seemed like skeletons of steel, glowing with a white heat, which threw a halo forth, from each and all, which formed the only light in that abyss of utter night. Clouds of impene trable darkness shrouded all above, beneath and around these luminous objects, as they

ed everything with a shroud of horror.

"Each spectre wore the appearance so far human as to have the semblance of body and Embs like unto ours, with head, face, and countenance (resembling those of mortals) clothed even with something to correspond with flesh; but flesh, bones, muscles, the whole structure, was transparent as glass, impalpable, livid,

Horrid, inexpressibly so, indeed, were the intenances of the doomed ones! Every vile passion of which we have any experience or conception, was here displayed, magnified a thousand fold, and all wore an impious expression of hopeless hate and unutterable wee—wailing and gnashing of teeth, the lamentation of undying angnish, the blasphemous exerations of despair, were mingled discordantly in hideous unison, fit music for the feast!

"The vocal powers remained to all, but fear-ful and revolting sounded the universal lan-guage of the tortured dwellers in Gehenna. Strangely unintelligible as the accents grated on my ear, the meaning was not hidden from

He whose majestic and elevated throne proclaimed the fiend incarnate, the arch-demon, fallen from a loftier state—he it was, whose mocking tones of bitter hate and scorn, relentless ire, indomitable blasphemy, and re-bellious zeal, addressed his fellows, whilst I, almost consumed with agony intense, was im-pelled to listen, heedless of torture:

"Hail! princes of darkness, brother spirits desolation, misery, and woe! faithful emissaries of my wrath and hate, devoted and pow erful antagonists of our common enemy, our ome tidings of your success in the recruiting service. What news from Mother Earth How fares the good cause? Ha! ha! Let us drink to the good cause, as they do there, eh

and then to your reports.'
"At this, each member stirring his bowl (seemingly of hissing punch) with a large roll

with hideous applause.
"Satan again silenced the horrid din, and said—Mammon, choice agent, what have you to tell! That thing of yesterday, yelept "the World," I know is fast progressing in the arts and sciences. It boasts advancement in civilisation and humanity; looks back with scorn, disgust, and contempt, at the dark ages which are past, despises by gone wisdom, exults in a newly-gotten flood of light and liberty, and the mighty spread of true religion! I hear such continual mention of so many true reli-gions, that, whilst rejoicing in perplexity, I am obliged to ask a more specific designation, ere I know to which or what the term refers. But

such continual mention of so many true religons, that, whilst rejoicing in perplexity, I am
obliged to ask a more specific designation, ere
know to which or what the term refers. But
let that pass, and say how you manage still to
furnish my dominion with such hosts of your
devoted victims, and what the prospect is that
you and your ten thousand agents can oppose
those hostile influences on which mankind so
much do calculate?

"To this address Mammon with promptidude replied:

"That my soul-destroying influence is far
from on the wane is well attested, as you best
may know, by running over the list I here present. Briefly I answer to your queries, that
mandate sounds to sack the city? Then is the
horror of war exemplified in beauteous earnest.
The widow's wail, the virgin's shrick,
the dying influence groan, the flowing
blood, the raging fire, the strong man's agonizing yell, curses and blasphemy, hate, rage,
lost, cruelty, and deepair—all these are there.
"This vivid demonstration of infernal might
is claimed by glorious Mars. I grant him his
full share of merit for his useful agency; but,
jealous of my right, I fearlessly appeal to all
of you for mine.

"Where am I, whilst Hell is being acted thus
on Earth? I am there? What of all this could
sober men enact? The bare recital of a tithe
on the present state and prospects of the
world hold out unto my eager, greedy thirst
for hor in the flowing
the diving infant's feeble groan, the flowing
the diving infant's feeble groan, the flowing
the flowing
blood, the raging fire, the strong man's agonizing yell, curses and blasphemy, hate, rage,
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"This vivid demonstration of infernal might
is claimed by glorious Mars. I grant him his
full share of merit for his useful agency; but,
jealous of my right, I fearlessly appeal to all
of you for mine.

"Where am I, whilst Hell is being acted thus
on Earth? I am there? What of all this could
sober men enact? The bare recital of a tithe
of such fell deeds blanches the cheek

lasting doom. Well might I boast, if boast would, of my achievements; for exultingly l feel that, amongst your zealous loyal subjects, may claim pre eminence, by reason of my

by me dragged down to our own accursed ever-

"'Truly hast thou spoken, most worthy co-adjutor. Of such as thou I may indeed be proud. Myriads of souls are hourly hurried to these realms, stamped with thy withering "The next who rose to render his account

and report progress was the fiend of War, whose tumultuous countenance visibly ex-pressed the direst rage, cruelty, and bloody horror. Convulsed with inward fury, unwont-edly pent up, the grisly spectre stood, glowing with shame and confusion.
" 'Would that I could tell the accustomed

tale of my exploits. Gladly would I regale your royal ears with scenes of carnage, havoe, and destruction, bloody massacre, wholesale slaughter, and the rich incense of my butchered hosts! Oh! were my power commensurate with my will, I would people Hell with one fell sweep, leaving you fair Earth a filthy mass of blood and gore, a mighty charnel house, to mark our glory.

We are aware,' graciously interposed be of the infernal crown and sceptre, 'that of late there has been a falling off in the amount of your supplies. But then we hope for better things in future. There is a good time coming. Who is a worthier, more efficient denizen of

our vast realms than you? Who more zeal-ous, more successful?"
"'Alas! I must confess my power of late has little shown itself, and must appear dimin-ished. The creatures, too, presuming, vainly think to fetter first, and then exterminate my spirit. There is indeed strange and unnatural talk amongst them of Peace Conventions, and the like. Also impotent attempts are made to show that man's whole nature is being changed, by gospel light and civilization, to the extinction of his primeval attributes. But the seeds of so called evil are sown too deeply in his nature to be eradicated, whilst we do till and cultivate the ground. Until a new race be formed, I have matter enough to work upon, and brief shall be the space ere I will redeem my honor, gloat my own soul, and vindicate the glory of the infernal one.' "This speech ended, there arose a din and

tumult of applause and bacchanalian revelry to which all earthly carousing is but poor faint mimicry. Blasphemous oaths and ribald jest-ing, with foul mirth, vain boasting, and impious resolves, profanity in full and petrifying magnitude, filled up the measure of the hellish orgies, differing but in degree from those of Earth.

Amongst the congregated fiends were representatives of every crime and vice and evil pas sion to which our fallen state of natural de pravity inclines us, or of which humanity (con-

pravity inclines us, or of which humanity (con-senting to sin) is capable of perpetration. "Jealousy, revenge, envy, hate, lust, and li-centiousness, each and all had a patron fiend ever at hand to seize a chance of kindling, to a consuming flame, each little spark of human Well had they done their appointed tasks,

as might appear by their exulting, frantic mirth. Nor did their statements lack due con-firmation; for their attendant horrors were at mirth. Nor did their statements lack due con-firmation; for their attendant horrors were at hand, to boast their triumphs, in the shape of suicidal death! "High waged the war amongst these wicked

and, answering, said—
"'Lo! here am I, the best, the mightiest of

you all! Say, what were hell without me? Boldly will I maintain, before my judge, that I have done more than any here, for the cherished object of us all—the damnation of man-kind! I seek not to decry the meritorious efforts of my brethren; but I too will have my turn at boasting, and I will show to whom, of all of us, is due the largest share of Hell's es-

"'Yes, here, staggering, I stand, to hurl defi-ance at all who would gainsay what I advance. I am the most potent auxiliary that Satan ever had, or can have.
"'Here, in our bonds, forced by laws immu-

table, we cannot lie one to another—like those miserable sons of men who are false even to themselves - so I address you, fellow-devils. There are millions of hearts now keeping time without fear of contradiction, dealing, as I shall, only with facts and figures.

"First, then, I draw your notice the worthy

Mammon, who such havoe makes amongst the hated ranks. Pause, then, and estimate my share to be deducted from his list of victims. "The soul by Mammon swayed to hearken to our dark suggestions, were, but for me, far from securely won. The trembling sinner's conscience pains him—I step in—he drinks the fatal draught, that gives him present ease

the fatal draught, that gives him present ease and colors all his future fate.

"'Step by step—as glass by glass he quaffs—he presses forward on his way, cautiously and callous. Dead is he to injury and wrong, impervious to remorse. He plunders the widow and fatherless; he robs the church, plays the hypocrite, and, stimulated by my secret fires, projects gigantic schemes of fraud and oppression for the sake of "filthy lucre." Yet, without my friendly aid he had remained in utter. out my friendly aid, he had remained in utter

nsignificance.

"Bahold him now, a man of wealth! rolling in riches wrung from the poor and needy, who through his means have become vile and desperate cut-throat villains, outcasts, drunkards, deviis! This man, although (mayhap penuri-ous) he revel not in riot and drunkenness, is mine. True, he may not fill a drunkard's grave; but when he enters here, in Mammon's

name, remember ye, to me is due the credit of his fall, as also that of the accompanying train his well-spurred avarice has ruined.

"Of the countless numbers entering these dread portals in my proper name, as victims of intemperance, I speak not, though the amount is as notoriously great as it is welcome to you all. Justice to myself and truth impel me to make known how great the power I wield.

"How much to me is due for agency in every crime involving murder? Might I not almost

crime involving murder? Might I not almost say, directly or indirectly, in every crime of any magnitude worthy our present notice?

"The mighty War-King himself, without my aid, could scarce find aught to do. He might hang his diminished head, ranquished by dastard peace and meek submission! Tame is tard peace and meek submission! Tame is the breath of the war spirit when uninflamed by me. 'Tis my arousing influence that prompts to "let loose the dogs of war"—mine the infuriate rage that fires the savage soldier, and nerves him to lay waste, slaughter, and destroy, with ruthless hand.

What scene more rich, more lover in your eyes, than the warrior's triumph, when the mandate sounds to sack the city? Then is the

for human prey—for miserable mortality to be "Oh! glorious alsohol, take what form thou sum of \$50,000, which is required to complete root, and spring up in every conscience

Thine is the essence of destruction- the project thine the matchless stimulant to the most furious carnage, riot, and those brutal deeds (called fiendish) which are found amongst the (called hendish) which are found amongst the annals of humanity! Can we expect to see a nation steeped in blood, hurling defiance on high, and banishing that word which here is never heard, if it be not recling in drunken-

Thus do I work, and thus succeed! Not only on the grandest scale do I prevail, conquering en masse: but universally and unceas-ingly am I at my deadly work on scattered in-dividuals, undermining all creation, and paving the way for every enemy of mortality to enter

in and possess.

"'When plague, pestilence, and famine, are licensed to their appointed work, whom do they destroy? Not their allotted number only, but ali those, besides, whom I have prepared through means of my empoisoned draughts— by waste, improvidence, disease, and guilty ex-cess—to fall a prey to those who claim there victims as their own, when here they are duly registered.

" Subtile, sometimes slow, but always fatal is my influence. All-penetrating, too, it reaches men in every age or clime, or station and condition, and ever is subservient to our commor

en poet! He who most excels as such, is he who has drank deepest of the midnight bowl His frenzied brain teems with glowing elo quence, which captive leads the world to me " 'Again: What lends the greatest aid to tha dire passion, gambling, but the accommodating power of drink? When the suicidal thought born of despair, enters the ruined wretch's reeling brain-what needs to carry out his last resolve but another glass? Then all is o'er. "'The murderer, too-no matter what hi

object, or the cause—resorts to me for courage and assistance ere the deed is consummated. "In short, where can be found a haunt of crime, a den of infquity, a sink of loathsome vice, (such as we love to contemplate,) but my genius hovers over it, sustains and makes it flourish? Yet I can penetrate, unseen and undwell amongst the best and highest of the miserable race from which I seize my willing prey, (to drag them down to the lowest depths of hell,) who leave behind the seeds—crime, disease, insanity—transmitted to their darling offspring, thus by them, in turn, to be perpetu-

ated.

"I might say more, but that I find already I have made good my claim, far beyond my own vaunting. Fill, then, your goblets to the brim, for 'tis meet that we in these infernal regions should do honor to our own invention! I will propose the health of him who worthily does here preside—scorn, hate, and defiance to all other regres." "As these words fell from the scoffer's impious

lips, a voice of thunder rent the air, com That instant were the demon crew prostrate,

writhing in abject terror, and their features bore the stamp of misery intolerable to look

those dread punishments of sin on earth-foul divine messenger a radiant stream of glory

zealots, disputing who was most efficient in the service, the end and aim of which is the defiance have reached the Throne of Grace; struction of mankind—to turn them from the and, to remind you of the great Creator's Power struction of mankind—to turn them from the abode of bliss eternal, joy unspeakable—to plunge them into the everlasting tortures of the damned, their own irrevocable fate!

"Lucifer, at length, in thunder-tones, commanded silence, and anxiously inquired where his trusty spirit was, who had the charge of alcohol, that famous devil, the genius of intoxitrusting and repenting, are beyond your reach.

After such a fearful vision, who could fail to abjure the fatal cup? Who could hesitate say that he would "taste not, touch not," or who would be wanting in gratitude for those gracious promises which alone can impart se-curity and hope to the sinner?

For the National Era. THE EMANCIPATOR.

" And that we break EVERY woke."

The loud notes are echoing o'er land and o'er sea 'Tis the march of the nineteenth century-The quickstep of struggling humanity

To that clarion voice: for its notes sublime Are rousing the slumberers of every clime

The slave bears the sound in the cane fields afar He is dreaming of Freedom-he will follow her star There are some who the wanderer's way will unbar

What though the monarch still sport with his crown And the vaunting false priest wear the surplice and gown?

The bridle of custom is fast on us still-Her bit in our teeth-and she guides us at will;

The world leads us captive; but we force our ow And wear it in spite of the gall and the pain;

The loud notes are echoing o'er land and o'er sea 'Tis the march of the nineteenth century-The death-song of wrinkled Tyranny

Still we hoist up our banner, and strive to sustain

Unbind-unbind Scotland, Connecticut.

The London Peace Society and the Peace

Congress Committee offer prizes as follows: "The sum of £250 (\$1,250) will be paid to the author of the best essay upon the European standing armaments, to embrace the fol-lowing points: A succinct history of the origin and growth of standing armaments in modern Europe; an accurate statistical account of the Europe; an accurate statistical account of the present number of men employed by the European nations upon their naval and military establishments, distinguishing between those in the regular forces, and those in the semi-military services—such as militia, National Guards, Landwehr, &c.; an estimate of the Guards, Landwehr, &c.; an estimate of the cost of these establishments, including the loss of the productive labor of the persons employed in them. The essay should further discuss the moral, social, financial, and political evils of this system of large peace establishments. They may be written in the English, French, or German language. The length not to exceed 200 pages of the Revue des Deux Mondes.

"A prize of £100 (\$500) will be awarded to the second best essay.

may'st, 'tis thou alone canst bring to pass the greatest consummation of guilty deeds, banishing all fear or remorse from the excited million! Thine is the essence of destruction.

For the National Era. LESSON OF LIFE.

Twas midnight ere I closed the book Its pages filled with many a story, How Christian heroes died to win Immortal crowns of glory

I closed the book, but memory dwelt Yet fondly on the hallowed name Of Sage and Hero who hath filled The wide world with his fame Methought how vain a thing is life,

Unmarked by deathless deed or word; When e'en the knowledge it hath been Is with the bones interest I cried, "Oh! would to Heaven my lot To other times had been decreed,

And other climes, when TRUTH and RIGHT

And then I seemed to hear the answer "O man! the TEMPTER stays thy hand Up, ACT, if thou would st be ac-One of that hero band

Did willing martyrs need

Behold, before thee stands the tyrant See at his feet the trembling slave-His hands in supplication lifted-

"Go, wrest the scourge from the tormento And from the tortured rive the chain ; Go, bid the poor and abject-hearted Rejoice in life again.

" Up. ACT, if thou would'st emulate The great and good of every ago, Nor shrink nor pause if then would'st write Thy name on Glory's page." Chillicothe. O., Dec. 2, 1851.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY VICTOR HUGO, AT THE GRAVE OF A FRENCH REFUGEE, IN THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

[Translated for the New York Evening Post.] In the last days of April, the French refu-gees in the isle of Jersey followed one of their comrades to the field of final repose—Victor Hugo had been requested to pronounce, in the name of all, the last farewell. His discourse was as follows: Citizens! The man to whom we have come

to say the last farewell, Jean Bosquet, of Farn et Garonne, was a noble soldier of democracy. We have seen him, an inflexible exile, waste M. Bonaparte calls amnesty or pardon, was offered to him; he honestly rejected it—and he is dead. He was only thirty-four years of age;

and now—there he his.

I will not add praises to this simple life, to this grand death. Let him repose in peace in this obscure grave, where the earth will soon cover him, and whence his soul has gone to seek the eternal hopes of the tomb.

Let him sleep here, this republican: and let the people know that there are still proud and pure hearts devoted to its cause. Let the republic know that men will perish rather than forsake her. Let France know that men die,

forsake her. Let France know that men die, because they can see her no more.

Let him sleep, this patriot, in the land of the stranger! And we, his companions in conflict and in adversity—we, who closed his eyes—if his native city, his family, his friends, ask us, "Where is he?" we will answer, "Dead in

exile!" as the soldiery, when the name of Latour d'Auvergne was called, answered, "Dead on the field of honor!" Citizens! Te-day, in France, apostacy is joy-ous. The old land of the 14th of July and of the 10th of August assists at the hideous spread of treason, and at the triumphal march of traitors. Not one unworthy action which is not immediately rewarded. A mayor breaks the immediately rewarded. A mayor breaks the law, he is made a prefect; a soldier dishonors his flag, he is made a general; a priest sells his religion, he is made a bishop; a judge prostitutes justice, he is made a senator; a prince, an adventurer, commits every crime, from the base trick which would shame a pickpocket, to the cruelty which would make an assassin shudder, and he becomes an emperor. Around and about these men are the sounds of triam. and about these men are the sounds of triom-

phal music, bouquets and dancing, addresses, applause, and genufications. Servility comes to ongratulate ignominy.
Citizens! These men have their festivals: well—we, too, have ours. When one of the companions of our banishment, wasted by homesickness, exhausted by the slow fever of old habits broken up, and affections lacerated, gives way at last, and dies after having drunk to the dregs all the agonies of proscription, we follow his bier, covered with a black cloth; we come to the side of his grave; we, too, kneel, not to success, but to the tomb; we bend over our buried brother, and we say to him: "Friend, we congratulate thee because thou hast been valiant; we congratulate thee because thou hast been generous and intrepid; we congrat-ulate thee because thou hast been faithful; we congratulate thee because thou hast offered up to thy republican faith the last breath in thy body, the last pulsation of thy heart; we con-gratulate thee because thou hast suffered; we congratulate that thou art dead!" Then we raise our heads again, and we move away, our hearts full of sombre joy. Such are the festi-

vals of exiles.

This is the austere and screne thought which is at the bottom of our souls; and in the presence of this sepulchre, of this grief which seems to swallow up a man, the presence of this ap-pearance of annihilation, we feel ourselves strengthened in our principles and in our con-victions. The man who mind is made up, never treads more firmly than on the shifting never treads more firmly than on the shifting soil of the tomb. And our eyes fixed upon this dead body, upon this being who has faded away, upon this shadow, which has vanished, we, unshaken believers, glorify that which is immortal, and that which is eternal: Liberty and God! Yes—God! Never should a tomb be closed, until this great, this living word has fallen into it! The dead claim it and we are fallen into it! The dead claim it, and we are not the men to refuse it. Let the free and re-ligious people amongst whom we live under-stand well, that the men of progress, the men of democracy, men of revolution, know that the destiny of the seul is twofold; and the abnegation they show in this life proves how pro-

oundly they rely upon another.

Their faith in this grand and mysterious fu-Their faith in this grand and mysterious fu-ture, resists even the repulsive spectacle which the enslaved Catholic elergy has presented since the second of December. At this moment Ro-man papism startles the human conscience. Yes, I say it—and my heart is full of bitterness when I think of so much abjectness and shame— these priests, who, for money, for palaces, for crosses and mitres, for the love of temporal goods bless and glorify perjury, murder, and goods, bless and glorify perjury, murder, and treason—these churches, where Te Deums are sung in honor of crowned crime—yes, these churches and these priests would be enough to shake the firmest convictions in the firmest souls, if beyond the church we did not see a heaven; and above the priest—a God. And here, citizens, on the threshold of this open tomb—in the midst of this thoughtful throng

Citizens! At this present hour—this fatal hour which will be marked in time to come—the principle of absolution the old principle of the past, triumphs all over Europe. It triumphs as it should triumph, by the sword, the axe, and the cord; by massacres and musket—the principle of the past, triumphs as it should triumph, by the sword, the axe, and the cord; by massacres and musket—the principle of the early training of young minds?

How are pupils led to extend their thoughts, feelings, or efforts, beyond themselves? How axe, and the cord; by massacres and musket—the principle of absolution the old principle of the early training of young minds?

How are pupils led to extend their thoughts, feelings, or efforts, beyond themselves? How axe, and the cord; by massacres and musket—the principle of absolution the old principle of the early training of young minds?

How are pupils led to extend their thoughts, and turned and looked at her in perplexity.

"But, Rose, when you look around you at the countless millions of flowers left blooming—nay, I mean to say, when you think of the countless millions of trees left standing umphs as it should triumph, by the sword, the axe, and the cord; by massacres and musketry; by tortures and the scaffold. Despotism, that Moloch surrounded by human bones, celebrates her fearful mysteries in open sunlight, under the pontificate of a Haynau, a Bonaparte, and Radetzsky. In Humany, the collection to book regimen the groundwork of pand Radetzsky. In Humany, the collection to books by young number certain to include the control of the cord; the collection of the cord; the cord is particular to the cord is particular to the cord; the cord is particular to the cord; the cord is particular to the cord is particular to the cord; the cord is particular to the cord under the pontificate of a Haynau, a Bonaparte, and Radetzsky. In Hungary, the gallows; in Lombardy, the gallows; in Sicily, the gallows; in France, the guillotine, transportation, and exile. In the Papal States alone, I cite the Pope, who calls himself le ros de douceur; in the Papal States alone, in the last three years, extent hundred and of morals? Is not an entire devotion to books by young pupils certain to impair their health? Have not the health and each comforts and elegances of civilized life are concerned, a look of great privation in the village and among the people we have just left productive industry the principal source of the productive industry? Is not an entire devotion to books by young pupils certain to impair the paper of civilized life are concerned, a look of great privation in the village and among the people we have just left. sixteen hundred and forty patriots (the figures are authentic) have perished by shooting or hanging, without counting the innumerable many who are buried alive in dungeons. At edged by all to be the foundation of moral this moment, the continent, as in the worst periods of history, is encumbered with scaffolds and corpses; and if, when the day comes, revolution should seek to make for herself a flag of the winding sheets of the victims, the shadow of that black flag would cover all Europe. This blood, which is flowing in streams and in torrents—all this blood, Democrats, is

robes of the judge, in the presence of all these dear and sacred corpses, in the presence of this the victims, we adjure, for the great and inevitable day of revolutionary triumph, all feeling, all desire, all idea of bloody retribution.

The guilty will be chastised; certainly-they ruary. The head even of the brigand of De-cember shall be respected with honor by the progressive. The revolution will make a grander example of that man by changing his imperial purple for the jacket of the galley-slave No, we will not retort on the scaffold by the scaffold. We repudiate the old senseless law of retaliation. The law of retaliation, like the monarchy, is a part of the past; we repudiate

the past.

The death penalty, gloriously abolished by the Republic of 1848, re-established odiously by Louis Bonaparte, is abolished by us and We have taken with us into exile the ever a horror of scaffolds.

away sorrowfully among us. A yearning for home was gnawing at his heart; he felt that the recollection of all he had left behind him was slowly poisoning him; he might have seen again his absent friends, the beloved places—his native city, his home. He had but to say above us, shedding thoughts of peace and condead brother, who lies in that grave, and who, while I speak, murmurs in his shroud, "Yes, my brother, reject death! it have accepted it myself, I would not have it for others."

Citizens! these thoughts are in every man's mind, and I am only the interpreter of them The day of bloody revolutions has passed; for what remains to be done, the indomitable law of progress will suffice. And moreover, let us be tranquil; everything combats for us in the great battles we have still to fight—battles, whose evident necessity does not disturb the serenity of the thinker; battles in which revolutionary energy will equal the desperation of monarchy; battles in which might, joined with right, will overthrow violence allied to usurpation; superb, glorious, enthusiastic, decisive and which will be the Tolbiacs, the Hastings and the Austerlitzes of Democracy. Citizens! the epoch of the dissolution of the old world has arrived. The law of Providence has condemned the old despotisms. Time, the shadowy grave digger, is burying them. Each declining day plunges them into nothingness. God is throwing years upon thrones as we throw spades full of earth upon a ceffin.

And now, brothers, as we separate, let us shout the cry of triumph; let us shout the cry of awakening! It is near the grave that one should speak of the resurrection. Yes, indeed, the future, an impending future, I repeat it, promises to us the victory of the Democratic dea in France : the future promises to us the victory of the social idea. It promises more; it promises that in every climate, under every sun, upon every continent, in America as well as in Europe, an end shall come to oppression and to slavery. After the hard trials we are experiencing, what we want, is not the emancipation of this or that class of men which has suffered long, the abolition of this or that right—all this we shall have, but this is not enough. What we must have and what we shall get—never doubt it—what I, for my part, from the depths of this darkness of exite, contemplate with rapture, is the deliverance of every nation, the enfranchisement of all man-

Friends-our sufferings give us a claim upor Providence. God owes us a reward. He is a faithful debtor, we shall receive it. Let us then cherish a manly faith, and make our sacrifice with gladness. Oppressed of all nations, offer up your wounds; Poles, offer your misery; Hungarians, offer your gibbet; Italians, offer your cross; heroic transported brothers of Cayenne, of Africa, offer your chains; exiles, offer your proscription; and thou! O martyr, offer thy death to the liberty of the human race! VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!

LAWLESSNESS-ITS CAUSE AND REMEDY. BY JOSIAH HOLEROOK.

graduates of colleges—a greater proportion to the whole number of convicts in the prison, than the entire number of college graduates in our country to the whole American population. Everybody knows that the most depraved beings in our country are among those upon whom most is expended for their education; also, that thieves, midnight assassins, and incendiaries, have come from our schools by hundreds and

In view of these astounding facts, all m agree that our schools are not so good as they ought to be—probably not so good as they may be. If so, the great question is, how they can be improved. It is a self-evident truth that in-stitutions for the formation of character ought to have primary regard to the foundation of character. Most, if not all, will agree that re-ligion, justice, and industry, are the primary sources of human prosperity, and the founda-tion of individual character. Are these incultion of individual character. Are these incul-cated in schools? is, then, the question. If so, how? Did any one ever see a child—young child—who could not be impressed religiously, by presenting to his mind the Author of the vast, rich, and beautiful creation around him? producing a solemn and lively sense of the character of the Creator, and of his own obli-gations for gratitude and devotion to the Author of his being? Are such impressions and such of his being? Are such impressions and such obligations prominent objects of school instruc-

Religious obligation, thus taught, has nothin to do with creeds. Rather, it is the corner ston of all creeds. Protestant and Catholic, Chris tomb—in the midst of this thoughtful throng than and sew, standard that may take their hearty ascent.

trial in their tendency? How is it possible to exhaustless wealth, the boundless resources, of make a mere book regimen the groundwork of our prairies and forests?"

character, and the principal source of human prosperity, are more prostrated than promoted by schools, why should lawlessness, now threatening our liberties, be thought a strange thing? Are not both the cause and the remedy clearly and equally manifest?

Giving in detail modes and plans for making

prominent in school systems religion, justice, and industry, is here impracticable. A hint And yet, citizens, in the presence of this saturnalia of murder, in the presence of these infamous tribunals where a sassins sit in the glorious Author, more productive exercises by young hands, and more reciprocation through such productions, are three modes of promodismal and ferocious victory of reaction, I declare solemnly in the name of the exiles of Jersey, who have given me the authority to do so and I say it too in the name of all republican exiles—and not one true republican voice will contradict me—I declare before this coffin of an exile, the second one we have lowered into the grave within ten days, we the exiles, we the vicinis we adjust the vicinist that the vicinist the vicinist that the vicinist the vicinist the vicinist that the vicinist the vicinist that the vicinist that the vicinist the vicinist that the exercise, a part of, or greatly aiding, out-door lessons. Reciprocation in the fruits of productive operations calls into exercise a regard to the rights of others, giving at the same time will be; and all of them severely! This must be; but not one head shall fall; not one drop of blood, not one splash from the scaffold shall stain the spotless robe of the republic of Feb. Look out for yourself. Cabinets of Natural History, Drawings

for young children, and exchanges in works of Nature and Art, are hence three distinct objects calculated to put a check upon lawlessness, and hence worthy of the attention of parents, teachers, statesmen, and Christians. As an initiatory step in aid of a general movement for these objects, a half-dollar "ARCHITECTURAL CABINET" is prepared by young hands at the heart of the nation, under arrangements for supplying all demands.

These cabinets are prepared by the operations or for the special benefit of a "School of Industry" in the immediate vicinity of Washforever. We have taken with us into exile the sacred doctrine of progress; we will faithfully bring it back to France. What we ask and wish of the future is justice, and not vengeance. And besides, the sight of slaves drunk with wine sufficed to give the Spartans a disgust for intemperance, so it is enough for us republicans to see kings intoxicated with blood, to have forever a horror of scaffolds.

Yes, we declare it, and we call to witness this sea, which binds Jersey to France, these schools for this most economical and efficient

> For the National Era COLARIGHT SECURED BY THE AUTHOR. MARK SUTHERLAND:

POWER AND PRINCIPLE. BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH

CHAP. XVII. The Log Cabin.

And flowery prairies from the door stretch till they

"Judge?" echoed Rosalie, looking inquiring-

ly from one to the other.

Mark Sutherland laughed, and pinched her arm; and when their host had moved off in another direction, said: "Nonsense, Rose! Yes, it was I whom he Nonsense, Rose: Tes, it was I whom he addressed as Judge—of course, it was. Every one gets an honorary title of distinction here. I don't know what it is given for; certainly, not to confer honor, but rather, I suppose, for the

constable, instead of law student, they must still call me 'Judge.'"

And just then, as if in illustration of Mr. Sutherland's words, several men entered, eagerly inquiring for "the Colonel," meaning the rd. And when the host came forward to

know their will, several speaking equally together, exclaimed:

"Colonel, we want your guns, and your dogs, and your company, this morning, to hunt a pack that is a very foolish weakness, and must be and your company, this morning, to hunt a pack of wolves that chased Jones's boy almost into

the village!" "A pack of wolves!" exclained the boardcrs, gathering around.
"Jones's boy!" ejaculated the landlord,

"Riding from McPherson's mill;" "So close, they caught at the boy's boots;" "Foremost one hung upon the horse's flanks;" "Wound-ed;" "Nothing but the animal's speed saved one hung upon the horse's flanks;" "Wiraculous" scape;" "Jones's boy," &c., were the broken sentences with which the tale was told by the

sentences with which the tale was told by the several informants, all speaking at once.

"Well, friends, long as there's no damage done, I don't see any use in being so excited. As to my guns and dogs, you can have them in welcome; but as to my company, I have promised the Judge here to drive him and his wife over to see their house! And I expect they will want me to haul the plunder over too—won't you, Judge!"

Mark Sutherland howed. Mark Sutherland bowed.

Mark Sutherland bowed.

After a little discussion, they urged "the Judge" to join their hunt, and Rosalie privately squeezed Mark's arm in disapproval. Mark declined. declined; and, after a little more altercation, the viziters at length departed, with three or four of the bachelor boarders, who quaffed each a "hasty" cup of coffee, and followed. When this little disturbance was over-

"I did not know," said Mr. Sutherland "that the wild denizens of the forest ever ver tured so near the settlements."

"No more they don't," replied the host;
"only this go, I s'pose, the Injuns have been hunting of 'em and druv 'em close on to the village. We'll git shut of 'em agin after a bit."
When breakfast was over, "the Colonel" geared up the carryall to take his young guests across the prairie to Wolf's Grove. It was a fresh, bright, blithe morning, scarcely seven o'clock, when they set out, and the prairie still glistening with dew. There was no road to Wolf's Grove; but the driver took a bee-line

"It is but the sign of the full of the fores

sefore the advancing march of immigration, "It reminds me, somehow, of the triumpha

entries of the sanguinary old conquerors of ancient times, whose chariot wheels passed ruthlessly over the fallen, the dead and the dy-

Are school systems industrial or anti-indus- does it not give you an exultant sense of the

"I know something inspires me with unlimitcauses, I do not know, but certainly to me there It seems to me that here, the age, the wearileft behind. That this is a breaking out in a new place, or rather that this country and people, and we ourselves, are a new creation, fresh from the hand of God, and with a new promise! Let us be faithful to our part of the covenant. Oh, let us be faithful, let no sin, selfishness, injustice of ours, cause us to lose the glorious promise!

A pre-sure of the hand, at once approving kind, and warning, from Mark Sutherland reminded Rosalie that they were not alone. And at the same instant the sprightly eyes of the girl lighted upon a large, speckled bird, standing still, almost in their road.
"What a beautiful bird! What is it," inquir.

ed Rosalie. "It's a prairie chicken. Now, I want you just to take notice o' that creetur; it won't take the trouble to move—you'll see," said the nan, driving slowly past, and leaving the bird

behind them, standing still.
"They must be very tame," said Rosalie "No they aint nyther, but they've got a heap o' sense. We are driving. Now, if I had o' been afoot with a gun, or anything that looks like a gun to it-say a stick-why, it would a-taken wing in a minute. I've took notice of it often and often. Same case with a deer-it'll stand right still and look at you going past with your team; but only just let it catch its eyes on you when you're walking 'long o' your gun, and it's off in an instant. Well knowing of that, you see, I often just quietly lays my gun down in the bottom of the wagon, to be ready for the creeturs."

In desultory talk like this, which nevertheless gave our young immigrants some little in-sight into the manners of the country, they pussed over the three miles of intervening prairie land, and entered Wolf's Grove. Wolfe's Grove was not what its name indi-

cated-an isolated piece of woods, similar to those that at wide intervals dotted the prairie it was rather a portion of that vast, unbroken open prairie like a point of land into the sea, but stretching back and back hundreds of

built for a school and meeting house, by the first settlers. There was not a wood-shed, a fence, a fruit-tree, nor a foot of cultivated within three miles of it.

Mark Sutherland and Rosalie alighted, and

entered the house, while the driver secured his horses, and gave them water. The cabin was unusually large and well built, being nearly thirty feet square, and constructed of huge logs, well hewn, and well cemented. The cabin fronted south, where one door admitted into the only room; opposite this door, in the north wall, stood the large open fire-place The room was lighted by two windows, front-And howery prairies from the door stretch till they meet the sky.

Bryant.

"Judge! your plunder's come—landed from the 'Sachem' this morning!" were the words with which the landlord greeted Mark Sutherland, as the latter, with Rosalie, descended to

> "A very different abode from that you have left, for my sake, dear Rosalie; and yet, if you only knew, as I do, how much better this is than any other log cabin to be found any where! Why, Rose, it is a palace, compared "I know it is; and I only wonder that it has

been left so long untenanted, while the meanest hovels have been all taken up. "Why, you see, my dear, this house is too remote from the village for any one but a farmer, and as it stands upon the reserved sake of civil brevity, as it is easier to say 'Judge' than 'Mr. Thompson.' Now, if I had ever belonged to any military company—if only as private in militia, they'd dub me here 'Cap'n,' if not 'Mr. Jor,' or 'Gen'l;' and if I were county "Will it not be too far for you?"

"Will it not be too far for you?"

"With me it is different. I like to walk, and do not grudge my steps. The three miles walk morning and evening will do me good. Nay, more: that exercise will be a necessary relief from the sedentary life of the office. My only anxiety will be in leaving yon here alone,

overcome, of course." "But, will you be afraid to stay here all day long alone?"
"Afraid? Of what? Why should I be? Is there any cause of fear ?"

"No, dear; no cause for fear; but, as Emilia

said of jealousy, one might say of fear 'That fearful souls will not be answered so They are not ever fearful for a come But fearful for they are fearful."— "Well, I am not afraid with or without a cause. A hare would not be afraid in this quiet place," said Rosalie, going to one of the windows, and looking out into the waving

woods.

"How still—how very still—no sound to be heard but the rustle of the leaves and the ripple of water, that must be near," she continued, looking from the window, while Mark walk ed about the room and made notes of glass, putty, a door-latch, and such little matters that would be needed to be brought out with their furniture. Then they went out where the driver stood watering his horses, and where the only sign of previous human presence was afforded by the narrow grass-grown path lead-ing down into a deep dingle, where the ripple

of water was heard.
"If you'd like a drink, there's one of the finest springs in the whole country down there," said the landlord, taking a tin cup from the wagon and handing it Mark. Rosalie was already going down the path. They reached the spring, and found the water cold and clear as crystal. They drank, and congratulated themselves upon this great blessing, and then went up to the cabin, and as their host was in a hurry to be off, they entered the carryall to

return to the village.
"Well, are you going to take it?" asked the driver, looking around as he took the reins and

"Why, of course. I had already taken it."
"I knowed that; but I thought when she saw how lonesome it was, she'd object. Taint many women—I can tell you that—who'd agree over the level ground, and the wheels of the carryall tracked deep through the sedgy grass and gorgeous wild flowers.

"It looks strange to me," said Rosalie, "to see these glorious flowers—which, if they were in our eastern gardens, we should cherish with so much care—driven down and crushed by thousands under our wheels."

"It was, she'd object. Taint many women—I can tell you that—who'd agree to live out there, by themselves, in that lone-some place, and you gone all day long."

"I am sure my wife prefers it to an inferior cabin nearer the village."

"Yes, indeed I do," said Rosalie.

"Well, every one to their taste," observed the landlord, cracking his whip, and making

the landlord, cracking his whip, and making his horses fly.

They reached home in good time for dinner. The afternoon was employed by Mark Satherland in collecting together necessary provisions, to be taken with their furniture to the cabin; and by Rosalie—seated by the window of her part of the upper chamber—in hemming nanking, preparatory to her housekeeping and